

# Knoxville Whig and Chronicle.

VOL XXXVII--NO. 30.

KNOXVILLE, TENN.: WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1875.

WHOLE NO 1902

## The Whig and Chronicle Free UNTIL JANUARY FIRST.

We will send the **Weekly Whig and Chronicle** for TWO DOLLARS, from now until the first of January, 1877, making the paper free until the first of next January.

The year 1876 will be a most interesting one in our history, and every one will want to read some live, enterprising newspaper, such as we propose to publish. It will be our centennial year, and we will give, from time to time, full accounts of the Great Centennial Celebration at Philadelphia, and present through our columns the wonderful development of our country during the first hundred years of its existence.

In addition to this, the Presidential election will come off next year, and a most exciting political canvass may be expected. In this we expect to take a full hand and engage in the thickest of the fight, battling for the principles of the Republican party. While we do this, we do it because we believe it right, and not for the purpose of giving needless offense to those who differ with us.

We also propose as usual to give a large share of our space for the purpose of making known to the world the natural advantages of Tennessee, and especially of East Tennessee.

We shall also give a portion of our space each week to the building up of our agricultural interests of this country.

In short, we intend to make the **Whig and Chronicle** the **Paper for the People**, giving in each issue something of interest to all classes.

Send on your names with the money, either in Registered Letters, by Postal Money Order, or by Drafts, addressing

WHIG AND CHRONICLE,  
KNOXVILLE, TENN.

## TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY. DOMESTIC.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 16.—The following was received here today:

—Jackson, Oct. 14.

To Hon. H. R. Pease, Washington:

"Military operations have been suspended by Gov. Ames, based upon the most full, ample and minute assurances of the leading citizens of the State that there shall be peace and a free election. They would not undertake to answer for the lawless, but they guarantee to aid the civil officers in the execution of the laws. The Governor expresses himself wholly satisfied with the assurances, and believes that they are made in good faith and will be carried out to the letter. An improved feeling prevails, especially among the whites, and a general desire for peace prevails among all classes of good citizens, who are greatly encouraged."

J. L. LAKE, JR.,  
"U. S. Marshall."

NEW YORK, Oct. 16.—The bank statements show: Loans and increase, two and three-eighths millions; specie decrease, one-eighth million; legal tenders decrease, three and seven-eighths millions; deposits decrease, one and a half millions; reserve decrease, three and seven-eighths millions.

Bishop Littlejohn sailed for Europe today. His mission is to inspect the American Episcopal Churches in Europe, under appointment of the presiding Bishop of the Episcopal Churches of the United States.

An evening paper of this city publishes the following:

"Through a gentleman just arrived today from St. Pierre, the French colony in British North America, the intelligence has been received of a most terrible series of assassinations. In a single night, and for the purpose of robbing a whole family, consisting of an aged man (a millionaire named Francois de l'Escale), his son-in-law, Mons. Carlier and his wife and two sons and daughter, they were all foully murdered on the morning of the 6th inst., or late on the night of the 4th, at Mr. de l'Escale's mansion, situated about half a mile outside the town of St. Pierre. Mr. de l'Escale never had had the custom of depositing his money in banks, and it is therefore certain that the burglars and assassins have secured an enormous amount of booty."

Tweed's answer, after protesting against the denial of a stay, and proclaiming his right to withdraw the answer should his appeal result favorably makes a general denial of all the charges. It specifically denies the existence of any conspiracy or combination with the late James Watson, County Auditor, to defraud the city or county, and alleges that the county of New York not having been made a party to the action renders the complaint defective.

The foreign commerce of this port for the week was as follows: General merchandise imports including dry goods, \$9,293,220; produce exports, \$4,879,407; specie exports, \$908,796.

Pittsburg, Oct. 18.—The firm of Rogers & Burchfield, prominent iron manufacturers of this city, have suspended. They have been operating two mills—one at Leitchburg and another at Appala. Their assets and liabilities are not known.

St. Louis, Oct. 18.—The Times says the object of Gould, Dellow, Ames and other railroad magnates' visit here was a through train via St. Louis and Kansas City, and a union of roads from New York to San Francisco.

Boston, Oct. 18.—A movement is on foot by a Methodist minister for the Presidential pardon of Jefferson Borden, the President pardoned under sentence of death.

At a meeting of the creditors of Lee & Shepard it was agreed to take 20 cents on the dollar.

Scranton, Pa., Oct. 18.—Five inches of snow fell here today.

Port Jervis, N. Y., Oct. 18.—A snow and severe gale prevailed in this section today.

Hackettstown, N. J., Oct. 18.—John Ricker killed his two sons aged six and ten, missed his wife and shot himself seriously in the head.

Cape May, Oct. 18.—The Schooners David Collins and Chimera reported wrecked near Townsend inlet. They have gone to pieces.

Sr. Louis, Oct. 18.—Suits were com-

## European Letter.

FLORENCE, September, 20, 1875.

The first view of Florence as you come into it from the railway station, is a very disappointing one, and a prolonged stay in it confirms the impression that it is anything but "Florence—the beautiful," that you had expected, and of which you had heard so much. The solidly paved streets are, with a few exceptions, extremely narrow, and appear as still more like alleys by reason of the great height of the houses on each side. These narrow, irregular streets are in addition, as a rule, dirty, and the houses appear seamy and forlorn. This neglected appearance is, moreover, not that of grandeur in ruins, but reminds one most unromantically of the filthy by-ways of London and New York. Though there are many buildings that would be imposing if suitably located, none, not even the Duomo, strike the eye with any considerable degree of magnificence, of this last truly grand structure, you are not able to see more than a third at any one time, so closely is it hemmed in on all sides by houses. The river Arno on which Florence is located is an insignificant little stream, not larger than First Creek in the Summer, and always muddy in the winter. How it could have gotten the name "La bella Firenze" passes my comprehension. But let us not be given too much to fault-finding, a too common habit I find among travelers. As the beauty there of this central city of ancient Italian art lies not in its exterior, it must possess some attraction somewhere to make it still one of the noted cities of the East and one to which the traveler always turns with interest. This attraction lies in the very fact that it is the central city of ancient Italian art and was for generations the residence of the Medici family, the noblest and most magnificent patrons of the art, perhaps the world has ever seen. Its galleries, its churches, its palaces, its collections of statuary, its intimate association with the rise and development of art, its numerous sons who have forever associated their names with all branches of the fine arts and literature, its Michael Angelo, its Dante, its Giotto, and Cimabue, its Michelangelo, its Brunellesco and twenty others equally great, present an array of attractions that the lover of art can not resist, and to enjoy which he is willing to undergo all the inconveniences of a pilgrimage to the spot where they are collected together. And because so many beautiful artistic works are to be seen here, so much that the whole world of art pays homage to, such traces of past magnificence and grandeur, the tourist, especially if he is devoted to art, is apt to be carried away with the jewel, and imagines the setting beautiful also.

And how these old cities do love and honor the names of those who have made them, in their filth and ruins, the place to which the artistic heart throughout the whole civilized world turns with an eager longing! Here they cling to every relic of their great men, and seek on every possible occasion to remind the world that good once came out of Nazareth; that poor, wretched, weak Italy was once the seat of grandeur and the home of greatness.

It is beautiful to see this reverence to her heroes of the past, but alas! how sad. It is a decrepit, miserable, old man, recounting in his ragged poverty, the grandeur and gorgeousness of his prime.

Even him whom she once spurned from her, and shut her gates against, and sent a wanderer upon the face of earth, this city of Florence, now is proud to claim as one of those heroes—as one of her greatest. And, as the statue of R. Venturi, here the statue of Dante yielded up his mighty but broken spirit, refuses to give up his bones for interment in the Santa Croce, these Florentines have erected a magnificent cenotaph in his honor in this Westminster Abbey, and in the square in front of it, have placed a colossal statue of him, and there he stands today, looking down with sad, reproachful eyes upon the city he loved as he died his life, and pining for which he died. This magnificent monument and statue were inaugurated with great solemnity on the 14th of May, 1865, the 600th anniversary of the birth of the great poet.

We have just now passed through the fete which took place on the occasion of the celebration of the birthday of another of Florence's favorite children, the fourth centenary of Michael Angelo Buonarroti. Of all her artists, and they can be counted by the dozen, this one is most closely associated with her history as an art city. In architecture, in painting, and in sculpture, this rough child of genius has left evidences of his skill which are astonishing, no less by their quantity, than by their quality. Not only did he work for the adorning of his native city, but all the other cities of Italy contain more or less of his labors. His pictures in the Vatican at Rome are as fine, or finer, than anything he did here, but he belonged to Florence; here he was born, here he lived, and his ashes rest under the strong, rough vaultings of the Santa Croce. The celebration of his birth would, therefore, most appropriately be held in the field of his most extended labors, and in the city for the defense of which he once bore arms. How long they have been preparing for this celebration I don't know, but I know that Florence was full of it when we first arrived in the city, and ever since we have heard of scarcely anything else but Michael Angelo, seen scarcely anything but Michael Angelo's busts, and handkerchiefs, and copies of all of Michael Angelo's works, displayed in the shop win-

dows. The thing is at least becoming monotonous, and it makes a heathenish American almost wish he had never been born. Although he is supposed to have been born on the 12th of Sept., the festival began on the 6th, with an exhibition of horticulture in the Palace of the "Cascine," followed on the succeeding days by various other exhibitions and meetings of numerous societies and organizations.

On the 11th the remains of the illustrious historian Carlootta were brought to Florence and interred with great pomp in the Church of the Santa Croce. Your readers will doubtless call to mind that this Carlootta wrote a history of our war of independence, which takes high rank among historical writings. Then came concerts, and various amusements, to which only the "Representatives," whatever that indefinite expression may mean, were admitted. On the 12th the inscription on the monument erected in his honor on the "Piazzale Michael Angelo," was inscribed. This hill is named in his honor, because it was here that he planned those defenses of Florence which gave him his reputation as an engineer. I can not recount all the Fets which took place during the time, from the 6th to the 16th, but every day and every night there was something to be seen or heard, which had some connection with Michael Angelo. That which was to be heard was lost to me as to all those unfamiliar with the language, but all that was to be seen I tried to see, though some times, it must be said, the pleasure was materially marred by the discomfort attendant upon the crowd and the uncleanness of the people and the bad ventilation of the buildings. That which was most interesting to see was the collection of all of Michael Angelo's works, either in originals or copies, that could be procured. In the Academy of Fine Arts. His celebrated David held the post of honor, being in the center of the tribune erected for the purpose of holding it. This statue is regarded by many as his best and most finished work. It may be so, but to a mind informed as to the tricks and manners of art, it certainly does not call to mind the sculptor, who went out to meet the giant. It looks much more like the statue. The most life-like representation by far of any of his works I have seen is his statue of Lorenzo in the chapel of the Medici. It is the most natural carving in marble I ever looked upon—you almost expect to see it move. It represents a man seated with his feet crossed, the left hand upon a knee and the right supporting the face, the forefinger resting lightly on the upper lip as if in deep meditation. You can see in the slightly turned face that he is deeply thinking. This is above the tomb of this "Lorenzo" it magnified "day" and "night," which have attracted so much attention on account of their name. No one has yet been able to discover why they should be called "day" and "night," or why their companions on the tomb opposite should be called "evening" and "dawn." There is nothing about either of them to suggest any division of the 24 hours.

The festivities closed on the night of the 14th, by a grand illumination of the city, the "Piazzale Michael Angelo," and all the mountains which encircle the city like a belt. It was the most beautiful sight of its kind I ever beheld. We had a splendid view of it from the tower of our hotel, the "Palazzo Vecchio," covered with hundreds of little lamps, shown like a translucent alabaster monument against the blue starlit sky beyond; while from the hills in the rear and to the right the lights from the villages covering their sides glittered like camp-fires on mountains. All the while, the chimneys were playing, and the bells were ringing, and an air of general gaiety and festivity rested over the city.

A complete and full account of that was to be seen would occupy three times the space at my disposal. The crowd that came to witness the celebration has now mostly dispersed, and the customary quiet is assuming sway. Shopkeepers have come down in their prices, and one begins again to hear of something besides Michael Angelo. The winter residents of Florence are now beginning to return from their summer tours, and are also each day an increasing number of English and American faces in the streets, and the rough English accent greets his ears more frequently. By the middle of October the "Season" will have begun, and Florence can only then be seen at her best.

S. M. B.

## INTERCONVERTIBLE BONDS.

Nashby's Experience in Redeeming Currency With Them.

IN A SWAMP NEAR CONFEDERATE X Roads, (which is in the State of Kentucky,) Sept. 30, 1875—I felt that I had to stay another week in this infernal cabin I should die. With nothing but how can I exist with infrequent and onerous drinks—with no society whatever—life didn't seem to me to be worth living. Therefore, I sent a note to the citizens of the Corners asking for a promise of safety, that I might make an proposition, which if they would accept, would enable the Bank to go on and become a permanent fixture here.

The Corners met and decided to receive me, and appointed a committee to hear my proposition, and on receiving their answer I made my way held.

to the rear. Old as I am, I can make fairly good time for 80 rods.

I was respectfully invited to make my statement.

As I rose a most anxious silence prevailed that assembled. You could hear a pin drop of anybody had dropped one.

Wiping my forehead I remarked that I had never intended that the Corners should lose a cent by our bank, nor did I now so intend. I confess that looking simply to the idea of infusing, following the ideas of the Democracy of Ohio and Pennsylvania, I had not given such careful attention to the matter as I should have.

At this point the audience seemed to be visibly pleased.

I proposed a week of self-sold, and I had employed that time in a wrestling with the question of finance, and I was happy to say that I had finally mastered it. I had matured a scheme for redemption which I was willing to present.

"Go on! go on!" the people shrieked deliriously.

"I propose to redeem the shares of the Unimproved Trust and Confidence in the bonds of the Company."

Their faces resumed an expression of stolidity which I did not like.

"Will them bonds bear interest?" they all asked in chorus.

"Certainly they will. We shall be generous. You may fix the rate of interest at what you choose."

"That seems fair," they exclaimed.

I congratulated myself on having got through so easily, and was stepping off the platform to go over to Simpson's to have the bonds printed, when that friend, Joe Bigler, who was a sit-in with Pollock, rose and remarked that he, as a billholder, had a question to ask.

"Go on," said I.

"You'll give interest-bearing bonds for your notes, will you?"

"Certainly, Joe," said I, "course we will."

"What do you propose to redeem the bonds in?"

"Why, our notes, of course. What else have we to redeem em in? Our notes, with one species of paper in exchange for another at any time—and faith—is the best money in the world."

"Then what'll you redeem the notes in?" persisted Joe with feignish pertinacity.

"Why, the bonds, of course," was my respectful answer, "but I am sure that interest-bearing bonds, and was currently better than that with you kin convert at pleasure into such bonds?"

My friends, however you want bonds for your currency don't hesitate to come for 'em—don't be afraid to give the officers trouble. It's the pleasure to serve the public, and I'll go to any lengths."

"But what'd I understand you'd go to redeem them bonds in?" asked Joe again.

"Our notes," I answered, out of patience with him.

"And you redeem the notes with your bonds?"

"Certainly; just as our friends of Ohio propose to pay the national debt."

"And this goes on for time and eternity?"

"Certainly, Joe. A financial institution, constructed on our line, kin go on from time to time, because it is convertible—into specie, or into paper into another, and another into one. You see—"

"Yes I see, but, citizen Bascom, when you've said all your likker again for this paper, and you turn around and convert it into bonds, how you any assurance that they'll take them bonds in Louisville for market? Did they take the notes before? How much better does the bonds make 'em?"

"Follow citizens of the Corners—(Joe spoke impressively)—Follow citizens of the Corners, inorganic to this system again if you choose, but I feel it my duty to warn you that in a week there won't be a drop of likker in the Corners, and what more, you won't be able to get a drop. You are standing on the brink of a precipice. Head off before it is everlastingly too late."

The people seemed to be waned, and with a glare like so many infuriated tigers they rose and went for me. I didn't keep to stay to argue finance with em. The window was open, and I sprang through it, and made for the woods, which I reached just in time. Had they caught me they would have hung me out on a pole.

I am now in the cabin, in which I have spent the last week, sick and sore. I do mean in mean perpetual skeetville for the woods! Am I to allude to escapism with my life? Oh for a quiet, seclusion post office!

PETROLEUM V. NASHBY,  
President of the late Unimproved Trust and Confidence Company.

P. S.—The nigger who owns my hide-out has discovered who I am. He went to the Corners to get pervisions with the money I gave him, and then the cat wuz out on the bag. He said he'd knowed who I wuz and I wuz hidin' fer, he never would have took me in. He that I wuz more a hunter and distrust, honest thief. Ez I had nuthin to pay him in, he came in while I wuz asleep and took my coat and boots, with he sex I kin how when I give him good money for that which I paid him in. He bleaves I hev some good money about me somewhere. How I am to get away from here the Lord only knows.

P. V. N.

## MRS. SMYTH'S HUSBAND.

Negotiating for a Tablet.

Max Adler has this: The widow Smyth called at Mr. Mix's marble yard the other day, and the following conversation ensued:

Mrs. Smyth—"Mr. Mix, I am anxious to have my cemetery lot fixed up; I put in my buttons and rent the railing, and I called to see if I could make some satisfactory arrangement with you."

Mix—"Certainly, madame. Tell me precisely what it is you want done?"

Mrs. Smyth—"Well, I'd like to have a new tombstone put over the grave of John—my husband, you know—and to have a new inscription cut on it. 'Here lies John Smyth,' etc., etc. You know what I mean; the usual way, of course, and maybe some kind of a design on the stone like a broken rosebud or something."

Mix—"I understand."

Mrs. Smyth—"Why then, what'll you charge me for getting up a headstone just like that, out of pretty good white marble, and with a little picture of a torch upside down, or a weeping angel on it, and the name of Thomas Smyth cut on it?"

Mix—"John Smyth, you mean?"

Mrs. Smyth—"No, I mean Thomas."

Mix—"But you said John before."

Mrs. Smyth—"I know, but that was my first husband, and Thomas was my second, and I want a new headstone for each of them. Now it seems to me, Mr. Mix, that where a person is buying more than one thing, you ought to make some reduction in the price, throw something off. Though, of course, I want a pretty good article at all the graves. Not anything gorgeous, but neat and tasteful, and calculated to please the eye. Mr. Smyth was not a man who was fond of show. Give him a thing common, and he was satisfied. Now what do you think is the prettiest, to have the name in raised letters in a straight line over the top of the stone, or just to cut the words 'Alexander P. Smyth' in a kind of a semi circle in sunken letters?"

Mix—"Did I understand you to say Alexander P. Smyth? Were you referring to John or Thomas?"

Mrs. Smyth—"Of course not. Aleck was my third. I'm not going to neglect his grave while I'm fixing up the rest. I wish to make a complete job of it. Mr. Mix, while I am about it, and I'm willing for you to undertake it if you are reasonable in your charges. Now, what'll you ask me for the lot, the kind I've described, plain but substantial, and sunk about two feet. I should think, at the head of each grave. What'll you charge me for them—for the whole four?"

Mix—"Well, I'll put you in those three headstones."

Mrs. Smyth—"Four headstones, Mr. Mix, not three."

Mix—"Four, was it? No, there was John, and Thomas, and Alexander P. That's all you said, I think. Only three."

Mrs. Smyth—"Why I want one for Aleck, too—as a matter of course; the same as the others. I thought you knew I wanted one for Aleck, one made just like John's, only with the name different. John was my fourth husband. He died about three years after buried Philip, and I'm wearing mourning for him now. Now please give me your prices for the whole of them."

Mix—"Well, madam, I want to be as reasonable as I can, and I tell you what I'll do. You give me all your work in the future and I'll put you in those five headstones at hardly anything above cost, say—"

Mrs. Smyth—"Four headstones not five."

Mix—"I think you mentioned five."

Mrs. Smyth—"No, only four."

Mix—"Less say; there was John and Thomas, and Aleck, and Adolph and Philip."

Mrs. Smyth—"Yes, but Aleck and Philip were the same one. His middle name was Philip, and I always called him Phil."

Mix—"Mrs. Smyth, I'll be much obliged to you if you'll tell me precisely how many husbands you have planted up in that cemetery lot. This thing's getting a little mixed."

Mrs. Smyth—"What do you mean, sir, by saying planted? I never planted anybody. It's disgraceful to use such language."

Mix—"It's a technical term, madame. We always use it, and I don't see as it's going to hurt any old row of corpses named Smyth. Planted is good enough for other men, and it's good enough for them."

Mrs. Smyth—"Did you say—What'd you mean, you impudent vagabond? I wouldn't let you put a headstone on one of my graves if you'd do it for nothing."

Then Mrs. Smyth flounced out of the shop, and Mix called after her as she went through the door:

"Lemme know when you go for another man, and I'll throw him in a tombstone for a wedding present. He'll wait it soon."

Mrs. Smyth is now looking at headstones in a marble yard at Wilmington.

## Things Worth Knowing.

Keep tea in a close cloth or canister.

Keep coffee by itself, as its odor affects other articles.

Keep bread and cake in a tin box or stone jar.

Cranberries will keep all winter in a firkin of water in a cellar.

September and October butter is the best for winter use.

The standard adopted by the United States is the inchester bushel, 18 1/2 inches in diameter inside, 8 inches deep and contains 2,150 42-100 cubic inches. It is the legal bushel of each State, having no special statute bushel of its own. A bushel measure should contain 1,075 21-100 cubic inches.

To find the contents of a cylindrical measure multiply the square of the diameter by 785.398 and then by the depth. Example: 18 1/2 x 18 1/2 = 342.25; 342.25 x 785.398 = 268,803; 268,803 x 8 = 2,150 42-100.

The United States standard gallon measures 231 cubic inches.

A barrel contains 40 gallons or 9,240 cubic inches.

6 yards wide by 968 long contains 1 acre.

10 yards wide by 484 long contains 1 acre.

20 yards wide by 242 long contains 1 acre.

40 yards wide by 121 long contains 1 acre.

60 yards wide by 76 long contains 1 acre.

110 feet wide by 356 long contains 1 acre.

220 feet wide by 188 long contains 1 acre.

The best way to cook codfish—Strip it of its skin and cut in pieces about the size of one's hand; place it in water and allow it to simmer on the stove until it becomes tender. It should never be allowed to boil. Boiling hardens and darkens the fish, and deprives it of much of its flavor.

"The Life of the Fish is the Blood."

This is an admitted fact. It is obvious that when the blood becomes corrupt the whole system is corrupt also, and those organs which are weaker from functional derangement will suffer most. The large majority of female diseases proceed from this cause. The true policy is to direct the remedy to the source of the disease. It is in this way that Dr. Tait's Sarsaparilla and Queen's Delight acts. Its specific effect is on the blood. It purifies, vitalizes it, expelling all distemper from the system.

LEITCH, Oct. 18.—John Morrie attorney for the stock and bond holders of the Erie railroad, has made a report which depresses these securities. It indicates heavy sacrifices by the holders.

The Panders has returned. At Peil Sound, within 20 miles of King William's Island, she encountered a most terrible ice. She discovered the graves of three of Sir John Franklin's men on Beechy Island.

BERLIN, Oct. 18.—Russia has commanded Polish proprietors of several of the provinces to sell their farms to Russian tenants at prices fixed by the Government. This completes the impoverishment of the Polish nobility.

The Faraday expects to sail to-morrow to repair the direct cable. She expects to commence work about the 10th of November.

Enthusiastic in its Favor.

All house-keepers who have ever used the Charter Oak Stove are enthusiastic in its favor, and say that for all purposes of cooking and baking this stove can not be equaled. The large flues and heavy castings, exposed to the fire, make the Charter Oak especially adapted to our soft coal, which is so destructive on cast iron. The reservoir is pronounced perfect in its arrangement and operation, heating water just right.